

# Will with a Whisp

TO  
ROBBIN GOODFELLOW.

**S**Ince that intolerable yoak of Licensing hath been broke, and that people may freely scribble what they think, and if they please Print what they scribble, Writing and Printing of Letters, Epistles, and Dialogues, &c. have become a fashion, and no doubt but has been some cause of the Ingenious undertaking of the Penny-Post, that we may cheaply by this way send one to another, and if we please also, safely, without discovering our selves.

And since I have seen *Goodman Country* write to his *Friend Mr. City*, and abundance of others, such like worthy noted persons, Conversing, Reproving, and Admonishing one another, I *Will with the Whisp* could not but (in Love, Kindness, and Civility,) use the Complement of these scribbling times, and write a Letter of Love so tenderly to thee *Robbin Good-Fellow*, who hast, like *Smirk* in the *Merry Milk-Maids*, been tweaking every body by the Nose, hast been kicking the back-sides both of *City* and *Country*, and with thy Invisible Broom, sweeping the *Dirt and Dung* into every bodies Face.

Thou hast been playing of Tricks with thy Pen, and scrapping with thy Cloven Feet, appearing in several Printed shapes, Forms, and Disguises, to the no small affright of many people.

A

Thou

Thou hast abused the Countrey, lashed the City, roared at, and routed the Presbyterians, scoffed Religion, laughed at the P L O T, perverted the People, scandalized your Betters, railed at your Equals, trampled on your Inferiours, and Horn-mad ran bellowing at your opposers.

Hitherto (*Robbin*) like a wild-Buck you have run about tossing of your Horns, and snuffing up the wind of Vanity, being pufft up with your own false Conceits, and vain Imaginations of Preferment.

But of a sudden the wind is chang'd, and blows from an unexpected quarter: for yesterday attending the bawling Motion of one of those, who used to roar out *Cit* and *Bumkin*, and imagining it might be something of *Robbin Good-fellows* Conceits, I found I was mistaken, when I heard it was a welcome Proclamation for the sitting of the Parliament the Twenty first of *October* next.

Upon this my Bowels yearned towards thee, and verily being moved in Spirit, I could not but write thee word of it, and to inquire of thee, as one friend should do after another, how thou feelest thy self as to thy Health, and whether you have not a very great grumbling come over your Gizard, and that you think you had not best go over to drink the *Spaw-waters* in *Germany*, or those of *Bourbon* in *France*. Though usually the weather be indifferently cold in *October*, I doubt *London* will be too hot for you; therefore I onely advise you to think of your timely remove.

I remember upon the Restauration of His Majesty, there was a Book wrote, call'd a *Rope for Poll*, of all or most of the Scurrilous and Trayterous sayings of *M. N.* against His Majesty, which he was graciously pleased to pardon; but I question whether the many sorts of people that *Robbin Good-fellow* has abused, will be so good-natur'd, or so easily forget it, being yet so fresh in the Memories of all that are concerned;

ed ; and a *Rope for Robbin*, may be very easily collected out of his several Scandalous and Scurrilous Pamphlets. The *Citts* and the *Bumms* will be mindful of your kindnesses to them ; the *Presbyterians* and the *Fanaticks* will also remember your worthy Speeches and Dialogues , Dr. *Oates* cannot forget your Friendship, and all the Kings Witnesses your Civilities, and how dextrously you turned the Papistical PLOT into a Presbyterian Conspiracy, as readily as a Kitchin-wench a Pancake on Shrove-Tuesday ; and brought back 1679 to 1641.

There are besides a great many of Pamphleteers , which like flies will be sticking to your gald back. Also the *City-Lords*, as you term them, may in due time think also of your several malicious Essays and Effronteries made upon them ; with many more that I cannot now stand to enumerate.

And you may very rationally imagine , as you have been a kind of Invisible *Robin Good-fellow* to others, bespattering whole Societies , or like a Spright of the Buttery, making Noises, Clatter and Din with your Pen, under several disguises , that some will now appear like *Will with the Wisp* to you, to brush off the filth and dirt you have bespattered them with, and to fling it in your face ; and if you try to follow the *Ignis fatuus*, twill but lead you into the Ditch and Mire, and make you more angry than ever you were at the words *Popishly Affected*, or *Papists in Masquerade*.

Therefore lovingly, kindly, and friendly, I have taken the boldness only to tell you, ~~whether~~ you have no mind to hear of , and believe ; That His Majesty has been graciously pleased, without being Petitioned, to Issue out His Proclamation for the Sitting of the Parliament.

And do you not believe and think with you self, that you are so very little and inconsiderable, (and that they have things of greater Concern to look after) as to be wholly forgot ; for I doubt those Petitioners you have so Betrayor'd , and

and rendered so odious, will with more freedome Petition the Parliament to take some Course with such Petulant and Malapert Railers, Malicious and abusive Writers, bold and impudent State-Quacks, and Mountebanks, perpetual Scribblers, and other such like Vermin, as a Nusance and Offence to the Nation.

These are the things I believe may come to pass, and therefore as a kind Brother should, I could not but send you the News, which is but *par pari referre*; and though I cannot put it into the *Loyal Intelligence*, yet accept it by way of Letter from

*Tours*

Will with a Wisp.

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